

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the—churches."

VOL. XIV.—NO. 6.]

HARTFORD, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 682.]

## THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD

HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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towards supplying the spiritual wants of millions of our fellow men who are in pagan darkness, how much remains to employ the talents, the charities, and the vigorous and persevering exertions of all who know the value of the Gospel, and who pity them who possess not the heavenly treasure.

In Burmah the demand for tracts is increasing. Mrs. Wade, in her addresses to the ladies who assembled to hear her during her visit to Philadelphia, remarked that Burmans and Karens very frequently visited the missionary stations from a great distance, sometimes hundreds of miles. They had seen a tract which had found its way to their neighborhood, by means of one of the native Christians or some countryman who had heard of the new religion; and they came to enquire further on the subject, and get books—for the men generally in the country can read. After remaining for conversation as long as circumstances permit, they say, "we must go home now—we shall want to remember what you have told us, and learn it over again—give us a book that will tell us all about it." But in many instances we have been obliged to deny their solicitation, because we had not even a tract to bestow. "But" they will say, "we shall forget what we have heard if we have not something to read, give us only one leaf." "O my dear sisters, in all I have suffered in leaving my friends and my own loved country; in all the dangers and trials I have experienced among the barbarous, degraded heathen, nothing has wrung my heart with such bitter anguish, as to be obliged to deny even a single leaf containing the gospel tidings, to a perishing fellow creature who has heard that there is a way of salvation and comes to inquire for it. And can you not willingly lay aside the superfluities and elegancies of life that you may be enabled to give bountifully for the purpose of sending the bread of life to these famishing souls? How shall we meet them at the bar of God, if we have not used every effort in our power to give them his word?"

It is not only the fact that there is a pressing call from the population of Burmah for books, but it is a still more encouraging one that the tracts circulated, though few compared with the immense number of readers, have awakened a spirit of inquiry, have sent great numbers to the missionaries to learn more of the religion they teach, many of whom have afterward become Christians; and in some instances they have been the sole instrument in the hand of God, in enlightening and converting the soul. Natives have been found by the missionaries in their tours through the country, giving good evidence of piety, who had never heard a living teacher, but had become acquainted with a Saviour by the means of a tract.

In a letter dated Maulmein, July 28th, 1833, the devoted Judson writes:—"Dear Brother Allen, I have received yours of June 15, 1832, and the valuable donation of tracts, almost all of which I have disposed of to excellent advantage. If you should please to remember us again, permit me to say that there is a great call for Penngilly, Wisdom's Voice and other Temperance tracts, the Letter on Female Dress and the Memoir of Mee Shway-ee.

I rejoice to hear of your increasing prosperity, but have only time to say so, and remain

Your affectionate brother,

A. JUDSON."

To be Continued.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Continued from our last.

From the Am. Baptist Magazine.

BURMAH.

Arrival of Mr. Cutter.

Dec. 31.—Two men whom I sent to meet Mr. Cutter, have come in this evening, bringing a line from Mr. Cutter, which says, "we expect to sleep at Kyouk-lung to-night, and hope to reach the Golden City to-morrow." This is cheering intelligence. We have been just one year entirely separated from all religious society. Nine months have passed since we left Rangoon, and to-morrow we expect to welcome the arrival of our dear friend.

Jan. 1, 1834.—Early in the morning, we sallied forth in a little boat, and about 11 o'clock we had the pleasure of greeting our friends and fellow laborers in the kingdom of Christ. After hearing from each other some of the principal events of the past months, we tell down and offered up our thanksgiving to Almighty God. How cheering to meet with dear Christian friends in this distant part of the world.—Cold water was never more grateful to a traveler fainting beneath a tropical sun. Between four and five o'clock, we came up under the eastern walls of the city, and about sundown, reached our little home, near the centre of the town.

Jan. 3.—Yesterday and to-day has been almost exclusively taken up in getting brother Cutter's goods, and the printing apparatus from the boat. The news of brother Cutter's arrival, and the arrival of a press, has gone abroad over the whole city. It is with no small degree of anxiety, we wait the result of those inquiries which will in all probability be made. We have come to advocate the Redeemer's cause, and if the time of Burmah's redemption has come, no arm raised against us can prosper.

Jan. 5.—Had 15 at worship morning and evening. About 30 listened to the Gospel in

the veranda, but only one who seemed anxiously to inquire after the truth.

Monthly Concert in Ava.

Jan. 9.—At sunrise this morning we met together for the monthly concert. I explained to the Burman Christians the object of our meeting; that it was to pray for the conversion of the world; that all Christians, every where, united in praying for the coming down of the Holy Spirit. I read the first and second psalms of David—two of the disciples appeared to catch the spirit of these beautiful psalms, and I trust the incense of humble, earnest prayer went up before the throne of God and the Lamb.

Jan. 10.—For a few days past have been introducing Br. Cutter to some of the government men—all appear pleasant, and friendly, and we have strong hopes that no obstacle will be laid in our way.

Visit to Ummerapoora.

Early this morning we set off on horseback, for Ummerapoora. At this season of the year, the country is beautiful. Here and there the groves of mango and tamarind trees give a delightful variety to the scenery. We were surprised to find the road so thronged with travelers; from one end to the other there was just a continued rush of human beings, and on inquiring, we find this is the case every day. After entering the city, we called on a long-haired Mahometan who came from Mecca 23 years ago; he gave us a cup of tea, and said he would invite us to dinner, but he had no knives and forks. This man has built the most costly house there is in Burmah. He could not speak a word of English, and of course our conversation was in Burman. I explained to him at considerable length the character of Christ, and then asked him if he believed in Christ, to which he replied, "Christ was a great prophet, and Moses and Mahomet were great prophets." I said Christ is the Son of God, and this cannot be said of any other prophet. He turned off the subject by saying, "The Burmans are very ignorant, and worship idols; but now many of them are getting your books, and talking about the eternal God."

We passed over through several streets, till we came within the ancient fortifications. One old and spacious temple attracted our notice. We penetrated nearly all its lofty halls, and chambers, surveying with peculiar emotions the piles of spears, helmets, and various other articles which were used by the old King. His *ton jous* and umbrellas were interesting objects of curiosity. All is given to the moles and bats. These insignia of the once haughty monarch of Burmah, the sight of which, as they glistened in the sunbeams, spread a feeling of dread over the surrounding multitudes, now lie unheeded in the lonely chambers of a decaying temple. Under the eastern walls of the temple we found numbers of people making and painting *Ouks* and *Dounglons*; these are the same to the natives of India, as tables and plates are to Europeans. Entered into conversation with these people on the subject of religion. Others collected around, and without an exception all listened for nearly an hour to the word of God. We gave them tracts, and during the day, about 200 more were distributed.

The Roman Catholic Village.

Jan. 11.—Early this morning, Bro. Cutter and myself went to the Roman Catholic village, a little west of the city. The village contains probably 150 persons, old and young. For some days past, I have been repeatedly invited to call and see the two Priests, who are Italians. We were no sooner seated, than the oldest of the Priests announced his intentions of having a dispute on religion. I told him as he did not understand English, and as I did not understand Italian, the discussion must be carried on in Burman, a language which neither of us understood thoroughly. Without the formality of a single preliminary, the priest began to heap an incredible number of questions upon me, but at last fixed on one, "What is preaching?" I answered, "To declare the will of God as it is revealed in the scriptures of the Old and New Testament." He then inquired, "Who are preachers?" I replied, "Those who preach Christ and the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven." He then inquired, "What is the era of your history?" I said, "Our history begins 1834 years ago, in the days of Christ." He inquired, "And does not our history begin at the same time?" I said, "If you teach the same doctrines that were taught by Christ and the apostles, then your history begins at the same time; but if you adhere to the Pope of Rome, worship the image of the Virgin Mary, and pray to the dead, then your history begins five or six hundred years after the days of the Apostles." He then said, "Are you not a protestant? and did not protestants take their rise in the reign of Henry the eighth, King of England?"

I replied, Protestants are those who adhere to the revealed will of God, as taught in the sacred Scriptures, rejecting the traditions of men as injurious to the well being of mankind.—The apostles protested against the traditions of the Jews, and all the idolatry of the heathen nations. All who followed in the steps of the apostles, and some millions suffered death. In the days of Luther, protestants increased rapidly; and when Henry, king of England, threw off the papal yoke, the bible was published, and every where read. Since then, the darkness and errors of the world have been gradually passing away, and the protestants are no longer

afraid of being burned, because they preach Christ, and reject human traditions.

Much desultory conversation ensued, on the above-mentioned questions and replies, in which the priest made every effort to convince his people that all except papists were sectaries. It was now about 12 o'clock, and as Mr. Cutter and myself had left home before breakfast, I announced our intention of returning. The priest then said it was his wish to discuss the subject still further, if I was willing. My consent being given, the time of meeting was fixed on the 13th, at 4 in the afternoon.

Dispute with the Popish Priest.

13.—At 4 o'clock, we repaired to the Roman Catholic village, and six of the disciples followed us. I took the New Testament in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Portuguese, English, and Burman; also several Histories, Lexicons, and Dictionaries, which I supposed might be necessary in fixing dates, definitions, &c. The papists were assembled, and the priests had got sitting beside them a Burman lawyer, a man who pleads causes before the *Woon-Gees*. After considerable conversation, it was agreed that the Burmese New Testament should be the standard of appeal. The priest then inquired, "among the twelve apostles was there not one apostle who exercised authority over the eleven?"

I answered, No. He then read Matthew 16th chapter, from the 13th to the 19th verses, commenting on every clause. He said, "From your own translations I can prove that the apostle Peter was the rock on which the church of God is built. A child cannot misunderstand it. *Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church, and I will also give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven,*" &c.

I replied, That Peter never received power to exercise authority over the other apostles, sustained by two arguments.

1. In all the doings of the apostle, we never find him exercising such authority; but on the other hand, he was, on one occasion, rebuked and reproved by the other apostles for dissimulation.

2. Many passages of Scripture teach us that the apostles were equal, so far as authority was concerned. I read Luke 22d chapter, from the 24th to the 31st verses. Matthew 18th, 27, 28, 29, and 30th verses; also several other passages; and then remarked, Here our Saviour reproves them for contending about supremacy—compares it to the contention of heathen rulers who love dominion and authority—and then adds, *But ye shall not be so*, but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. Then the Saviour says, *Ye shall sit upon the twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.* I then remarked, that he who sat on a throne, held the keys of the empire; all the apostles had thrones, and judged; therefore they all had the keys of judgment.

The priest read his favorite passage over again, and urged for a long time that Christ said of Peter, *on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it*, and then added, "These are the words of Christ, and not of men. What Christ teaches we must believe."

I replied, Christ did say, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church: and in order to know what Christ meant, we must read what Peter says about the rock on which the church of God is built. If we believe about this foundation rock, as Peter did, we shall not be wrong." I read and commented on 1st Peter, 2d chapter, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10th verses. Here the apostle Peter teaches that all who have *new hearts* are *living stones*, built up a spiritual house, and acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ—also that Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone, elect, precious. To those who believe on him he is precious. He is the stone which the builders disallowed; but is now made the head of the corner. To this the apostle Paul agrees; Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

Considerable desultory conversation followed, and not altogether unprofitable, I trust, to those who listened. Many heard more of the Scriptures, and of the way of life, than they ever did before. Thus I have given you a brief outline of the dispute; you have the argument entire. The priest acknowledged before all the people that the Burman Testament was a faithful and literal translation.

To be concluded next week.

From Zion's Advocate.

IMPROPRIETY OF LONG PRAYERS.

On this topic a friend has sent us for publication an article which appeared in the Amer. Bapt. Mag. for Sept. 1818. Some who read it then, after a lapse of 16 years, may need to peruse it again.

Respecting the prayers recorded in the Scriptures, the writer has the following somewhat minute calculations:

"Long prayers are certainly unscriptural. Christ says of the Pharisees, that they make long prayers, and shall receive the greater condemnation. He also directs his disciples not to use vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking. But though long prayers are condemned, the question may arise, what is a long prayer? Is it half an hour, or more? This question must be decided by referring to the scripture examples. Exclusive of the Psalms, which

have more the nature of poems than prayers, the whole number recorded is 55. The longest one was offered by the Levites, in the days of Nehemiah, and might be distinctly pronounced in 8 or 10 minutes. Solomon's, at the dedication of the temple, is a little shorter. Besides these, there are 6 from 4 to 2 minutes in length, 8 from 2 to 1 minute; and 39 from 1 minute to 2 seconds.

The prayer which was made by the apostles, when one of their number was elected to fill the place of Judas, is on record. If such an event were to take place at the present day, it would not be thought improper to pray half an hour. But the one used on that occasion might be repeated in less than a minute. "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship from which Judas by transgression, fell, that he might go to his own place." This prayer is appropriate, containing all that is necessary. Why was it recorded, unless for our example? And how can we, with a clear conscience, deviate so much from the apostolic practice?"

To this it may be replied, that we are not certain that the sacred records have preserved the whole of the prayers offered on the several occasions referred to. In many places, the inspired writers plainly do not record the very words uttered, but only the substance of what was spoken. Yet with this admission, scriptural example is decidedly against long prayers.

The above remarks seem intended for those who lead in our social prayer meetings. They are, however, equally applicable to those who conduct family worship.

From the Christian Watchman.

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE.

This institution, founded by the Baptist Convention of the State of North Carolina, is located in Wake County, 15 miles north of Raleigh, on the road from Salisbury. The farm contains upwards of 600 acres of good land.—On it, is a mansion occupied by the President, and numerous out-houses for students, servants, and farming purposes. Three buildings for the accommodation of the Seminary are framed, one of which is nearly finished, and a main building of brick, 150 feet by 45, is about to be erected, for all of which the money is already subscribed.

The teachers are Rev. Samuel Waite, A. M. Principal. Rev. John Armstrong, A. M., Professor of languages. Rev. Wm. Hooper, L. D., now Professor of Languages at the University of N. Carolina, has been chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy. Rev. Thomas Meredith, A. M. has been chosen Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The two latter have not accepted their appointments. The number of students last year was seventy, and more than 100 have applied for next term; but that number is all that can be accommodated in the present buildings. Of the students last year, 55 were professors of religion, of whom thirty were converted during the last term.

The manual labor system is here in successful operation. All the students are required to labor three hours a day, in which the teachers take the lead. The whole expenses of a student amount to less than \$100—no charge being made for fuel. What they can earn is deducted from this.

A more auspicious beginning could hardly have been hoped for. The principal seems to possess extraordinary qualifications for his post, and has the cordial confidence of the denomination throughout the state. May many prayers ascend for Wake Forest Institute.

ALTON SEMINARY.

A meeting of the trustees of this institution was held on the 14th and 15th of January, and some important measures adopted. There are more than 50 students in the institution, and no public boarding house. One or two first rate instructors are also indispensable. The present Principal succeeds most admirably in this department of labor, but it is impossible for one man to sustain such a burden of duties for any length of time, and retain health. It is said that more than 20 applicants for admission have been denied for want of accommodations, particularly in board.

If our readers inquire why have not the trustees provided buildings for boarding, and other accommodations. The answer is ready, *Want of funds*. Those who have aided in procuring the land and erecting the academy, have sacrificed nobly, and sustained a heavy burden.—They have made no direct application for aid through the country. We are gratified to learn that measures have been adopted to raise \$25,000, and two agents appointed to carry this into effect; one for domestic operations, and another to visit the older States.

The Rev. Joel Sweet has been appointed Home Agent, and the Rev. J. M. Peck to go abroad.

A general plan of buildings, &c. has been marked out, and the building committee have been authorized to proceed immediately, in anticipation of funds, and put up a boarding house with the necessary appurtenances.

Alton.—We are also gratified to hear of the rapid improvement of the two Altons, both Upper and Lower. Property is rising daily, buildings are going up, and intelligent and enterprising emigrants are continually arriving. The commerce and business of various sorts at Low-



er Alton exceeded half a million of dollars last season.

Nor is there less enterprise in a moral respect. A large stone meeting house, with a handsome cupola, and well finished within, has been erected within a few months, chiefly by the liberality of one gentleman. It is occupied jointly by the Presbyterian and Baptist congregations.

There is a Baptist church in each town, with which the Rev. E. Rogers, of Missouri, has lately been settled as pastor. The present aspect of religion is decidedly favorable. Sixteen persons have recently united by letter with the church in the Upper town. The most are emigrants from the state of New York. These churches are about to set a noble example in supporting the gospel. We doubt not they will show practically that a people will prosper who do not "rob God." (Malachi 3: 8-10.) A few weeks since, in both towns, Rev. Mr. Davis, Agent of the American Bible Society, raised in subscriptions to supply the people in this State with the scriptures, about \$220. Since, the Superintending Agent of the Sunday School Union has raised upwards of \$180 for that cause. Other benevolent operations receive no small aid from Alton.—*Pioneer*.

From the N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

### RELIGION THE BASIS OF OUR LIBERTY.

No sentiment ever uttered is more true than that the prosperity of our country is interwoven with the prosperity of the Christian Religion. The moral principles contained in the scriptures, form the basis of all our laws; and of all that is excellent in the laws of every civilized country under heaven.

Let our jurisprudence be divested of this feature, and society is reduced to its original elements of barbarism. The right of the strongest must prevail; a despot must rule our country; our women become slaves, and our property the prey of robbers and assassins. What were Rome and Sparta, those models of heathen excellence, without the conservative principles of revealed religion? In one, debauchery was taught by the sages; in the other, the youth were instructed in thieving by their patriotic mothers, and punished for betraying their praiseworthy depredations. China at present, exhibits the fairest model for the contemplation of the enemies of Christianity, of a government and laws divested of the pure influences of revealed religion. Here despotism, superstition, and the grossest idolatry are interwoven with their civil code. The emperor keeps a numerous and well appointed Seraglio; and polygamy is allowed to the grantees and Mandarins. In the higher orders of society, their females are kept in a sort of slavery, and the Chinese peasant yokes his wife and his ass to the plough.

To the religion of the Bible then, we are indebted for our dearest social and domestic enjoyments; and for every excellence which characterizes the institutions of civilized countries. He must therefore be the worst enemy of his kind, who attempts to sap the foundations of religion; and to substitute for its influence the unholy and unrestrained passions of men. It is to the principles of toleration taught by the Christian religion, that the infidel is indebted for the liberty which he possesses of assailing her. She is the Genius of Liberty which he so ostentatiously professes to worship, while he madly thrusts a dagger at her vitals. To her followers, who, in the hour of danger, would repel force with force, she commands, "Put thy sword in thy sheath." To the misguided bigot who would call fire from heaven to consume those who follow not with us, she meekly replies, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

The foregoing remarks are elicited from a consideration of the alarming progress of infidel principles in most of our large cities; and the unblushing effrontery with which those principles are avowed and propagated by infidel publications. In these vehicles of treason, the fundamental principles of religion and of social order are assailed; openly, where it can be done with impunity; insidiously, where it is found necessary to effect the purpose. But while infidelity is arraying its forces on the one hand, we rejoice that the friends of religion and of liberty are equally vigilant on the other. A spirit of enterprise is awakened among the various religious denominations, which must check, if it does not effectually stay the flood of ruin which has threatened to devastate our land. To the youth of our country, to whom its future destinies must be confided, the patriot looks with the deepest interest. If these are preserved from the contaminating principles of infidelity, our country is safe. Let the youth of America remember, that if ever our liberties are destroyed it will be by the corruption or subversion of Christianity.

### MANNING HALL.

This noble edifice, in addition to the buildings of Brown University, has been completed, and was publicly dedicated on the 4th inst. It is another evidence of the liberality of the Hon. Nicholas Brown, of Providence, by whose munificence, both this new edifice and Hope College, were erected, and given to the cause of religion and science. Well may the University bear the name of such a benefactor. The description of the building, and the order of exercises at the dedication, are from the Watchman.

**Manning Hall.**—This edifice is built of stone. Including the portico, it is about 90 feet in length, by 42 in width. Its height from the top of the basement is 40 feet. The library occupies the whole of the first floor, and is a beautiful room. In the centre, it is ornamented with a double row of fluted columns. The library is 64 feet by 38, and is 13 feet high.

The chapel is on the second floor. It exhibits the most graceful proportions. In length and breadth, its dimensions are the same as those of the library. Its height, however, is not less than 25 feet.

The front of the edifice, is ornamented with

four fluted columns, resting on a platform projecting 13 feet from the walls.

Manning Hall is situated between University Hall and Hope College—equidistant from each. It is of the Doric order, and is said to be one of the finest specimens to be found in our country. Mr. Russell Warren was the architect; Mr. Daniel Hale, the master mason, and Messrs. Tallman & Bucklin, the master builders.

**Dedication.**—At the hour appointed, a procession, consisting principally of the Undergraduates, Graduates, Faculty, and Corporation of the University, proceeded, in form, from the old to the new chapel. The services of the day were introduced by singing the following spirited ode, composed for the occasion by our townsman, Albert G. Greene, Esq.

To thee, fair Science, to thee,  
In thy courts we joy with gratitude come;  
To thee, fair Science, to thee,  
With song and with music to offer the dome  
A temple for thee, for thy children a home,  
For this to its portals we gladly repair,  
And make vocal its walls with thanksgiving and pray'r.

To thee, lov'd freedom, to thee,  
We offer the tribute and hallow the fane—  
And hence may the sons of the free  
Go forth, thy great cause o'er the earth to maintain.  
Oh! ne'er be their hopes nor labors in vain—  
Nor this roof ever echo the tread of the slave,  
Which is read for the home of the free and the brave.

To thee, pure religion, to thee,  
We have built the fair temple, made sacred the shrine;  
And ever, blest faith, may it be  
Kept holy to thee and thy service divine—  
It is Learning—"tis Freedom"—'tis thine.  
Through ages unborn, let its altars still be,  
Thou God of our fathers, keep holy to thee.

A prayer to the throne of divine grace was then offered by the Rev. President of the University, after which, the following selection from Watts, was sung by the Choir:

"Arise, O King of grace, arise," &c.

Next succeeded a discourse, by President Wayland, on the dependence of sciences upon revealed religion. The occasion demanded variety of topic, and attractiveness of illustration—and to this demand of the occasion, the Rev. President proved himself fully equal. Without ever sinking his distinctive character as a preacher of the gospel, he was, by turns, profound and brilliant—philosophical and poetic; now diving into the depths of abstraction—now mounting into the loftier regions of eloquence—now wielding, with practiced skill, the weapons of severe analysis—and now ranging over the field of expansive generalization. The discourse, when published, will form a valuable addition to the number of those works which evince how deeply indebted to revealed religion is the human race, not only for the means of salvation—but for the blessings of civilization—for well regulated freedom—for advancement in art, in science, and in letters—in short, for the melioration of the condition of individual and social man.

The following Ode, composed for the occasion, by an Alumnus of the College, and a native of Providence, was then sung by the choir.

The music for the odes was composed by Mr. Shaw.

Ages after ages urge  
On and on, like ocean waves—  
Soon shall break the future surge—  
O'er our long-forgotten graves;  
Yon bright bay as bright shall gleam,  
Yon fair city rise as fair,  
Yon rich meads as richly teem;  
Other eyes shall see them there.

Yet shall learning's hoary halls  
Win the votary step of youth;  
Yet shall speak these echoing walls,  
Sacred still to sacred truth;  
And must ours be voiceless sleep,  
Ours an image left on nought,  
Lost beneath the wheeling deep  
All we were and all we wrought?

No—through many a distant age,  
Each and all unchanged may live;  
No—to form the future's page  
Each and all have much to give;  
Patient toils and worthy aims,  
Guarded trusts and cherished pow'rs,  
Blameless lives and stainless names,  
These we give, if these be ours.

Clasp we then the brother hand,  
Seal the compact fair and fast;  
Long as these hoary walls shall stand,  
That unsullied gift shall last;  
Thou, whose truth is saving light,  
Thou, whose love is strong defence,  
Lift the Cross of life and light,  
Lift it here and send it hence!

The customary benediction closed the services. A committee of three was appointed to request a copy of Dr. Wayland's discourse for publication.

### A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

We have not words to express our admiration of the organization, and ameliorating nature, of the Institution described in the article below; which we copy from the Cross and Baptist Journal, Cincinnati.—Would every city awake to the support of similar Institutions, floods of tears would be dried up; the anguish of many hearts would be removed, thousands of widowed mothers would sing for joy; virtue would be shielded from the grasp of vultures in human shape; and avaricious harpies would no longer have it in their power to compel females to work like slaves for them for almost no compensation, to obtain a morsel of bread to prevent starvation of themselves and children. What city will not follow immediately this illustrious example?

### HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT FOR THE FEMALE POOR, CINCINNATI.

The Christian charities of the city exhibit themselves in various forms, both for the temporal and spiritual welfare of all; and among these, institutions for the relief of indigent females are not the least worthy of notice. To the noble exertions of the ladies of Cincinnati are to be credited the origin, and the support thus far, of the "House of Employment for Female Poor." Its special object is to afford aid to widows of all classes, with dependent families of children. Mothers, in all ages, have ever been characterized with an unwavering affection and untiring zeal for their precious offspring. A mother's heart yearns with tenderness over the child of her love, and deems no sacrifice too dear to enhance their comfort, and ere they relinquish this tender tie, to be disposed of in an

unfeeling world, will become themselves the willing martyr. This society requires you not, mothers, to make the sacrifice; you may still press those fond hopes with joy to your maternal affection, and to support them by the cheering hand of industry.

This institution has already been blessed by heaven. Over two hundred individuals have enrolled their names; many destitute children have been provided with comfortable homes; young females introduced into respectable families to earn an honorable subsistence free from the snares of degradation, and vice. A book is kept in the "House," where each name is recorded and a brief statement of character, thereby precluding the opportunities of deception.

This Society, we are encouraged to believe, now combines all that constitutes it useful and praiseworthy. Sewing of all kinds can be done in the neatest manner. Young gentlemen absent from their homes can find every article made and furnished at the shortest notice. But while it congratulates itself upon what it has been able to do, it ought to be recollected that it combines within its limits a host of wants, and in the name of the great giver of all things, appeals to a libel on public further assistance, and patronage.

It is the pride of this institution to belong to no sect or party. And in behalf of the managers, we solicit all the aid your public philanthropy can bestow.

For the Secretary.

### MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

There is one form of religious effort at the present day, which has in it something peculiar. Young men for the ministry are now to be educated by the assistance, and through the influence of ministers who are uneducated. Many of us are struggling with poverty and some of us with a consciousness of incompetency with respect to knowledge. But it is expected of us that we shall contribute our dollar, or even five dollars a year, if possible, and then give our approbation and encouragement, as far as we can, to the young men who become candidates for the sacred office. And when this is done, the tendency of it is to remove those of us who have not shared in this thorough mental training, to more obscure and less inviting fields of labor, where we shall be less able to provide for our families and for our own subsistence in our declining years. And it may be too that after we have thus contributed our property and our influence to the support of our young brethren, when they come out from their places of study, some of them at least, may be deficient in feeling of respect for age and experience where these are found in ministers of fewer early advantages than their own, and thus add unnecessarily to our embarrassment and sorrow. Now I say, Mr. Editor, there is something peculiar in this branch of Christian effort. I believe there are very few points in the whole compass of Christian duties that more deeply affect the tender sensibilities of the soul than these points do. You may call it selfishness, or pride, or what you will, nevertheless it is a situation which has severe trials for men's souls.

But is there no remedy for these trials?—Does God bring his servants into such straits and leave them without any source of happiness? Certainly not. Who shall harm them if they go on in the path of duty? I will tell you, sir, of the best remedy I have found in my own case. I am an uneducated man, and have been fifteen years in the ministry, though a most unworthy and unprofitable servant. But I formed the resolution several years since, to do what I could to promote ministerial education. Because,

1. It seemed to me a clear case that God required of us such an effort. The condition of the church demands it, and the condition of the world, both in Christian and in heathen lands.

2. It is a work which is going on with accelerated force, and I could not stop it if I would, any more than I could stop the rail road car when it has acquired considerable speed. If I stand in its way, it will crush me to death—if I get behind and push, when it begins to move, I may add to its momentum, or if I jump on board, may enjoy its privileges. If I oppose or neglect the cause of ministerial education I should neither improve my own mind or enjoy the sympathy or confidence of well informed men. But while I am complaining of what is done, and satisfied with nothing, I shall fall into neglect and disesteem.

If I encourage and promote this cause, I should be constantly using means to add to my own knowledge, I should be thrown in the society of men of cultivated minds, and my means of usefulness and of happiness instead of being diminished, would be greatly multiplied. Although by this course I may be subject to some embarrassment and mortification, as indeed I have often been, and called to make some sacrifice of ease or property, yet my rejoicing will be this, the testimony of my conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not by worldly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I have endeavored to discharge my duty in this matter.

I believe this is the course generally pursued by my brethren in the ministry, who, like myself, are uneducated. If all will do it, and act cheerfully, and zealously, in the enterprise, God will honor them, their brethren will honor them, and they may have the satisfaction of reflecting that the rising and coming generations will be blessed with intelligent men of God as religious teachers, promoted, in part, at least, by their own personal sacrifices.

For the Secretary.

### REFLECTIONS ON TAKING THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW.

Among the many losses sustained by man in consequence of the fall, we must reckon that of reliance and confidence in God as his Father, in relation to future provision, support and direction; and this loss is inevitably combined with perturbation and anxiety of mind, very opposite to the calm serenity possessed and enjoyed by our first parents in their short but enviable state of paradisaical bliss; there is somewhat of a native dread of futurity now congenial and natural to every man, excepting the unhappy few whose affections, prospects, hopes, and feelings, are darkened and blunted by excesses of various sorts; and by this dread of futurity

so interwoven with the present temperament of the human mind, we mean not so much a fear of another world, as an anxiety about future events in this. In fact, we mean the very disposition or temper against which we are cautioned by the gracious words of Christ, which have led to these reflections, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. vi. 34.

What do these words impress? and what do they include? They appear to imply, that there is a sufficiency of daily duty to occupy our attention; a sufficiency of daily trouble to call forth our strength, and a sufficiency in the divine appointments to excite our confidence.

Daily duty is ample enough to engage our undivided attention; and this attention by being called to probable, and future, and supposed events, is diverted from its proper direction; and the performance of present duty either altogether omitted, improperly delayed, or very partially performed. Our complete uncertainty as to the continuance of our lives, seems wisely intended to answer this among other designs, to fix our attention on the immediate claims of our station. The same important end is suggested by one petition in the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is observable, that among professing Christians, those are the most happy and contented, and have the fewest anxieties about future events, who are habitually attentive to present duty. If any man will carefully attend to the calls of personal religion, family worship, necessary business, and the welfare of the church, he will find sufficient to occupy all his thoughts.

But the prohibition of the Saviour is kind as well as necessary. Why should we anticipate to-morrow's woe? Each day's cares and toils are quite sufficient. We often find our strength, if not totally fail, yet partially decline, when the trouble arrives; and why should we augment its weight, and diminish our own resources by improper anticipation? Besides, it is evident that among the very numerous foreboded ills, but a small portion ever afflict us. The words of Christ evidently include the following ideas; calm contentment—persevering obedience—patient endurance—and faithful reliance. Nor is this in the smallest degree incompatible or inconsistent with every exertion and plan with respect to the futurity, which prudence would suggest or reason enjoin, and only goes to the prohibition of those fruitless, but too natural anxieties, which, while they violate the injunction of our Lord, are detrimental to ourselves and injurious to others.

JOHANNES.

For the Secretary.

**MR. EDITOR,**  
The Secretary of the 17th Jan. contains a communication upon the manner of reading hymns in public, signed *Delta*; from which it appears that the writer thinks that the word *verse*, as commonly used, is improper and should be relinquished in favor of *stanza*. The frank and candid manner of the writer is honorable; and I hope that the communication he has solicited may be received in all that good feeling with which he parted from his.

Uniformity is desirable; and, in order to enjoy it, if the word *stanza* is used in one church, it must be in all. Whenever the relinquishment of an old practice, for the adoption of a new one, shall either contribute to the correction of language, or the removal of error, it is our duty to do it. Now if we can all be satisfied that the adoption of the word *stanza*, instead of *verse*, will effect either object, I think it will readily be done. But we ought not to make the exchange without satisfactory reasons, and a disposition to act consistently, and make all other alteration which the same principles shall require.

*Delta* has quoted high authority to prove that *verse* means a line in poetry; but has not informed us whether he could prove from the same authority, that *verse* means a line in prose. I will help him a little here from Young's Latin Dictionary, authority equally high as that of Adam and Webster. Young's definition of *verse*, is, "a line, even in prose." Having succeeded thus far in our theory, let us see how it will apply in practice. If we drop the old fashioned word *verse*, in reference to the hymns, to be consistent, we must also in reference to the scriptures; for *verse* means a line in prose as well as poetry; and the fact is as fully proved in the former as in the latter case. If the word *stanza* be the most proper substitute in the one case, why not in the other? It certainly means more lines than one. At any rate, let us give it all the honor we can, since it has become a fashionable word.

Our criticisms cannot consistently stop here. Some one may enquire in this day of reform, why we use the word *chapter*. Knowing that it is mere custom, and that we never have investigated the subject, we look directly to the etymology of the word, and find it to be *caput*, a head. If a minister were to read his text thus: Matt. 5th chapter 3d verse, according to these principles, it would literally mean this, Matt. 5th head 3d line. But it is evident that the word *chapter* is arbitrary in its meaning. As it is used to designate the parts into which a book is divided, another word might be adopted which would be both natural in its use and obvious in its meaning. That word is *Division*. If the principles laid down are correct, we are now prepared to read the text correctly, thus: Matt. 5th division, 3d stanza. I must confess this sounds a little odd. But never mind that, it is worth something to be first in the fashion; and besides, a new coat never sets easy until it is broke.

Having seen to what extent the principles of *Delta* will carry us, let us review the subject. The first authority quoted is Adam's Latin Grammar. Here *Delta* happened to make a mistake. And who is free from mistakes? The fact is, Adam no more means *verse* here, in the sense that *Delta* does, than he means *hymn*. The difference is this, the Dr. is treat-

ing upon the subject of poetry or verse, and *Delta* is enquiring whether a *verse* means one line or four; he opens his grammar and reads "a verse is a certain number of long and short syllables, disposed according to rules;" and he finds his one line; certainly not in this definition, for there is nothing here that forbids a *verse* comprising an indefinite number of lines. Adam continues: It is so called, because when the number of syllables is completed, (not when one line is completed, not when we get across the page, for across the page makes a line,) we always turn back to the beginning of a line. Adam's *verse* comprises what was originally set to one tune. One definition of it, therefore, is, a note or tune. *Delta* also appears to be a little mistaken in his etymology. He derives the word from *versus*, to turn; whereas, it is derived from *versus*, a verse. This being a noun in the second declension, makes its vocative in *e*. And then we have the identical English word in the Latin tongue, *versum* et *literatim*.

Whether *Delta* was equally unfortunate in quoting Webster, I cannot say, as I have not his works at hand. But I will bring another English author of equal celebrity, viz. Perry. He defines "verse, a paragraph." With this quotation to the point, the subject is put at rest. For the author says in the title page that he is author of the *only sure guide* to the English tongue. I have now done with my *argumentum ad hominem*.

I have not carried the argument thus far, so much for sake of correcting *Delta's* errors, as to show the extent to which the principle will lead, and the dangerous tendency of those principles which are the foundation of his alteration in his manner of reading hymns.

Let no one think me unfriendly to *Delta*. Be assured I cherish not the least unfriendly feeling towards him; but would treat him with the highest respect. Yet let me deal freely with his errors. Now what does the whole of this kind of argument amount to? Why, just this. *Delta* opens Dr. Adam's Grammar and Dr. Webster's Dictionary, and obtains an idea from them. Well, after all, it is the opinion of two learned men; and is worth just as much as the opinion of any other two learned men of similar circumstances, and no more. It is possible, after all, that the subject never occupied their thoughts, and if it did, it is but their opinion, and to act upon the opinion of others, is not to act upon our own; it is literally to follow a few steps behind some great man. Words are arbitrary in their meaning; and there is no more a supreme unvarying standard for defining words, than weights and measures, or for pronunciation. The half bushel has been found to differ more than a half pint, in two adjoining towns. Pronunciation is taught differently in different colleges. Definition is likewise variable. The word *ugly* is by one referred to the countenance; as ill favored; by another to the actions; as ill conduct. The instrument that attaches a team to the vehicle which they draw, is by one called a pole, by another a neap, and another a tongue; and who shall say which is right? Why, the same that decides whether the first four verses of a hymn, in Common Metre shall be called a stanza or a verse. The only appropriate name of any thing, is the name it bears by common use or consent. A certain animal among us is called a *sheep*; a South Sea Islander calls it the *inoffensive hog*. Shall we go to a grammar or a dictionary to decide whether a *sheep* is a hog, or a hog is a sheep? Custom has long since decided what a *sheep* is. But custom has no more decided what a *sheep* is, than a *verse*. Our ancestors, our schools, our colleges, the very literature themselves, from time immemorial have sanctioned the common use of the word *verse*; therefore to substitute the word *stanza* for *verse*, is to subvert the only authority capable of sanctioning the use of either, and to strike a blow at the chief governing principle of all lexicographers.

ORRA MARTIN.

Ashfield, Feb. 12th, 1835.

For the Secretary.

MIDDLETOWN, FEB. 18TH, 1835.

MR. CANFIELD,

Supposing that whatever tends to promote the great work of Moral Reform, is interesting to you as also to your readers, I desire, with your permission, to speak of an instance, in which I have recently been indebted to the Temperance Reform for temporary tranquility. Having been on a visit to some friends in the country, as I was on my return, I found it necessary to stop in Hartford for one night, and accordingly had my trunks left at one of your Hotels. I had an acquaintance, with whom I spent most of the evening, in very agreeable conversation on the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in our hearts as individuals, and in the world abroad, after which I returned to the Hotel where I had left my trunks, with the idea of getting lodging there for the night. I sat down, but had not been in the bar room many minutes, before my ears were filled with such profane and filthy conversation as convinced me that like Peter, I was warming myself in a company of sinners. But I was at a loss how to place myself in a more pleasant situation. I feared if I rose to depart, I should be noticed, and from being an unwilling spectator of what was passing, I should become the butt of their grossness and vulgarity. But to stay contentedly, I could not. Finally, I resolved to take my leave, and though it was already late, to seek new quarters. I accordingly sought out the Temperance Hotel, and requested lodging, which I was assured I could have. After sitting for about an hour, and observing with satisfaction the order and decorum which prevailed in it, I retired. No sooner had I entered the room where I was to lodge, than I espied a Book lying on the table. I took it up eagerly, to find what it was, and was delighted to find by the inscription, it was the Word of God! I opened it, and found a sentiment written, which, while it confers honor upon the owner of this Blessed Book, should recommend his establishment to all who regard it as a pleasure to patronize whatever is noble and good. "If we would be great, we must be good; if we would be happy we must be holy." What were my sensations on reading this, and on thus being afforded the privilege of opening the Book of Books, may be better imagined by those who have experienced similar ones, than described by me. Suffice it to say, I felt myself once more at home. An hour before, I seemed as a stranger in a strange land, but now the Word of God was a minister of mercy to my soul. I read it with interest, and at his disposal, enjoyed a season of refreshing and tranquil repose. I rose in the morning, invigorated



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## POETRY.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.  
LICENSE LAWS.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"We license thee, for so much gold,"  
Said they who filled St. Peter's chair,  
"To put away thy wife, who's old,  
And take one that is young and fair:  
For public good requires a dome  
To swell, like Heaven's, for us at Rome."

"For so much gold, we license thee,"  
So say our laws—"a draught to sell,  
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,  
And opens wide the gate of Hell.  
For public good requires that some,  
Since many die, should live by Rum."

Ye civil Fathers! while the foes  
Of this Destroyer seize their swords,  
And Heaven's own hail is in the blows  
They're dealing—will ye cut the cords  
That, round the falling Fiend they draw,  
And o'er him hold your shield of Law?

And will ye give to man a bill  
Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,  
And, while God says "thou shalt not kill"—  
Say ye, "for gold, ye may—ye may!"  
Compare the body with the soul!  
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

In which is felt the fiercer blast  
Of the destroying Angel's breath?  
Which binds its victim the more fast?  
Which kills him with the deadlier death?  
Will ye the felon fox restrain,  
And yet take off the tiger's chain?

The living to the rotting dead,  
The God-contemning Tuscan tied,  
Till, by the way, or on his bed,  
The poor corpse-carrier drooped and died—  
Lash'd hand to hand, and face to face,  
In fatal and in loathed embrace.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong  
That to a breathing corpse, for life,  
Lashes, in torture loathed and long.  
The drunkard's child,—the drunkard's wife!  
To clasp that clay—to breathe that breath—  
And no escape!—O, that is death!

Are ye not fathers? When your sons  
Look to you for their daily bread,  
Dare ye in mockery, lead with stones  
The table that for them ye spread?  
How can ye hope your sons will live,  
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?

O, Holy God! let light divine  
Break forth more broadly from above,  
Till we conform our laws to thine:  
The perfect law of truth and love:  
For truth and love alone can save  
Thy children from a hopeless grave.

\* Mevontius. See Virgil, Æneid, viii, 481, 491.

## MISSIONARY TRIALS.

An Affecting Narrative.

The narrative which we submit from the Missionary Herald, is one of deep and painful interest. The writer of it now rests from her labors;—her tomb is on Mount Zion, near the sepulchre of David, where her dust awaits a glorious resurrection. The person of whom we speak, Mrs. Eliza Nelson Thomson, wife of Rev. William M. Thomson, died at Jerusalem on the 22d of July, 1834. Her disease, an inflammatory fever, appears to have been occasioned by exposures and excitement to which she was subjected, during six or eight weeks previous, by earthquakes and war.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson removed from Beyrout to Jerusalem last spring. On the 20th of May, Mr. T. left Jerusalem for Jaffa, where his goods were left, in order to have them carried to Jerusalem. At the same time, the Fellahs, a people who inhabit the mountains, resembling the American Indians in their habits, rose in rebellion against the government of the pasha, on account of an order to take every fifth man for a soldier. At this order the mountaineers were greatly enraged.—On the 21st of May, Mr. Thomson reached Jaffa, and the war immediately ensuing in the country through which he passed, made it impossible for him to return to Mrs. T. and his infant child. He was detained from them till the 11th of July, when the disturbances had so far subsided that the mountains became passable, and he returned to Jerusalem. The events which had taken place in the meantime, are recorded in the following extracts from his journal, and Mrs. T.'s letter to her sister.—*Rel. Tel.*

July 11, 1834. Came up by night, and met with no disturbance from any body, although robberies are innumerable, and two villages were broken up by Bedeen in sight of us the same day that we came up. Nothing interrupted the lonely solitude and silence of night, but the chirping of the grasshoppers and the cricket in the mountain bushes. We arrived in safety, but oh what horror, what faintness seized my heart, when I came in sight of our house, and saw that part which Mrs. Thomson and I occupied, all torn to pieces by the cannon of the castle. But I must now go back and relate what took place in Jerusalem after I left, which I shall do mainly in the language of Mrs. Thomson in a letter to her sister.

Jerusalem, May 30th, 1834.

The last Sabbath, my dear sister, was one never to be forgotten by myself and hundreds in this afflicted city. My husband had nearly a week previous gone to Jaffa for the purpose of bringing up our things. [After a few sentences mentioning the rebellion and its causes, the letter proceeds.] They marched towards Jerusalem, but the soldiers dare not leave the city to oppose them, for there is treachery within the walls; and they feared, with too much reason, that the gate would be shut upon them,

if they should sally forth. We were not greatly alarmed, however, until on rising on Sabbath morning, we received the assurances that we were literally in a besieged city. We are within a few rods of the tower or castle; and I saw, for the first time in my life, the cannon brought out to be mounted upon the walls, accompanied with other preparations for carrying on the work of death. I need not describe my feelings; you will better imagine them. We are staying in the house of the kind Mr. Nicolayson, from whom and his lady we receive every possible kindness. At eleven o'clock our two little families convened for reading the scriptures and prayer. Mr. Nicolayson's selections all had a bearing upon our present circumstances, and were eminently calculated to inspire confidence in God. As he read some of our Saviour's last conversations with his disciples, it seemed almost as if we were realizing the same scenes, and felt every word applicable to ourselves. Still we were yet ignorant to what extent we were soon to be called to possess our souls in patience.

When our worship closed, my babe was brought to be nursed, and I had scarcely taken him, before the house above and around began to shake violently. "What is this?" said Mrs. Nicolayson in consternation. Instantly the truth flashed upon my mind—I exclaimed an earthquake; and rushed out of the room, knowing that the open air was more safe than a falling house. I descended the stairs amid a shower of dust and stones, a large one being precipitated from the top of the wall, narrowly escaped crushing little William's head. Everlasting gratitude to God for his preserving goodness. On gaining the garden I felt somewhat relieved; but, my dear sister, it was an awful sight to see the high stone walls of our garden shivering like leaves in a tempest, a part giving way, and all threatening to share the same fate—the house shaking as if it would every moment fall prostrate, and the very earth trembling beneath your feet as if no longer able to support its surface. What power but the Almighty can succor in such awful circumstances? To whom can we fly but to Him who holds all nature in His hands? To him and the blood of atonement that speaks pardon and peace, I did in these terrific scenes endeavor to look—yes, to cast myself upon the mercy of God in Christ, and await with resignation the termination of these unlooked for calamities. In a few minutes the streets were filled with the weeping, lamentation, and woe of afflicted multitudes who had fled from houses that threatened to bury them beneath their ruins. Several families—all Jews, came to take a shelter in our large garden; and it was truly affecting to see these bigoted descendants of Abraham coming for protection in the hour of danger, to the house of a Christian, hourly appearing to derive comfort from our composure and confidence that God would protect us.

The shocks continued through the afternoon and night; also on Monday and the night following, but not so violent as the first. It is predicted by the Latin monks that on to-morrow—the 7th day since the first—will be the most tremendous shock yet experienced. But poor mortals, they know not what will be on the morrow. We must acknowledge, however, that present appearances rather threaten a return. \*\*\* I was obliged by another shock, though slight, to throw down my pen, seize my infant, and run out of the house, just as I had written the word "return." The weather is exceedingly hot and sultry. The thermometer stands at 90 in the shade, and 114 in the sun, and yet it is but the last of May. In addition to this, there is an uncommon dryness in the air. Book-covers, and even furniture are warped in the shade, as if exposed to the fire. Even before the middle of the month the heat and lassitude produced by the air, equalled that at Beyrout in August. What will be the termination of this season our Heavenly Father only knows. Circumstances more appalling than those in which we are now placed I had hardly ever imagined. I hesitate, dear sister, to describe them. I have no wish to excite your sympathy at the expense of your feelings. But before this reaches you, all these troubles may have caused to subside through the good providence of Him who has all events under His control, and can easily say, "Peace, be still," both to the warring elements of nature and the turbulence and commotions of man. Or, should he in infinite wisdom determine otherwise, we may be at rest, where wars and rumours of wars shall never reach us more.

Owing to the continued tremblings and quakings of the earth we thought it prudent to sleep in the garden. But here a new danger met us. The engagements between the soldiers on the walls and the peasantry without were carried on principally at night, on account of the heat of the day. The Fellahs got possession of a small convent without the city, which enabled them to aim at the soldiers, and though they had no cannon, yet we were so near the castle that the balls from their muskets whizzed over our heads and around us in every direction. We lay thus for three or four nights, and then concluded that it was better to fall into the hands of the Lord than into the hands of men, and so returned into our partially dilapidated house. There you see to see the fissures in the walls and terraces, the half fallen ceilings, settled floors, and other marks that tell of ruin and threaten to make it a mass of rubbish. It is said that all the upper part of the house must be taken down and rebuilt before it can be inhabited. Through the mercy of God we are not yet houseless. I and my little family have a small open room, or house in the garden, but of so antique a date, that it would require no very bad shaking to bring its rotten stone arches down upon our heads. Mr. Nicolayson's family find shelter in some lower rooms formerly used for lumber. Imagine us lying down at night with more than a mere possibility that our beds might be our tomb, endeavoring, but often without success, to compose ourselves to rest amid the firing of musketry and the roar of cannon. O how different are our feelings (or

mine at least) in committing ourselves to God for protection under so many appalling circumstances, from what they were when I used the form with my lips in my own peaceful country, and lay down to rest in my own quiet room.—Withdrawn from all earthly props, and in a situation where, were they near me, they would be of little avail, I can do nothing but go direct to God; and find peace only in committing myself and all that is dear to me into His care. The promises of His word never before appeared so precious. Surely, sanctified afflictions give a life and power to the blessed promises of the Bible, endear the Saviour, and draw us near to God, far beyond whatever prosperity can realize. Oh how trifling now appear many, many things to which I once attached importance. Even all the earth calls good or great dwindles into nothing, when we encounter the horrors of war, earthquake, and scarcity, if not famine. These things too bring the reality of eternity near.

[After the description of the causes of partial famine in the city, the letter proceeds.] Had not our dear missionary friends been most providentially supplied with stores, out of which they hospitably entertained us, I know not what we should have done in this emergency. You will think me selfish, perhaps, in dwelling so much on our own affairs, and saying little or nothing about the state of the city, the war, and the sufferings of others. The truth is, we know nothing, and are obliged to sit in our houses day after day, in the most painful suspense. Rumors and conjectures, some of them frightful enough, we have indeed heard; but we question the truth of all. We are troubled, however, with but very few visitors. The disloyalty or disaffection to the pasha is so universal among the Mussulmans, that they are said to be all quarantined in their houses. One thing is certain, that those who used to visit us come in no more: the streets are silent and deserted, patrolled only by a vigilant soldiery. Thus are fears without and fears within. It is said, and I believe this story at least, that several communications have passed between the Fellahs and the Turkish citizens. Some of these have been intercepted. One of the instances is so singular I must detail it.

Although no one has been allowed to pass and repass for secular purposes, the rites of burial have been respected by both parties. At the commencement of the siege, a week ago this day, a Turkish woman, veiled as the custom, presented herself at the gate, requesting permission to go out. Her stature or something else excited suspicion. She was stopped to answer farther enquiries. "Who are you?" Why do you wish to leave the city?" etc. She replied, that she had just lost her husband, and wished to go to his grave and weep there, (a universal practice in this city.) Not liking her voice, the soldiers unveiled the lady, when behold a portly man stood before them. He was searched and letters found to this effect:—That if the Fellahs would advance and attack the city, the soldiers would no doubt sally out to attack them, when the Mussulmans within would rise and take the place. This determined the soldiers to remain within, and act only on the defensive until they should receive aid from the pasha. Why this aid does not arrive is matter of great surprise—why even the pasha does not come in person. He left Jerusalem but recently, and has been in Jaffa ever since, which is within eleven hours of common travelling. It is two weeks since the rebellion commenced, and one since we have been closely besieged. It is said by some that the troops he has sent have been cut off; by others that he is in person within a few hours of the city with a large reinforcement; others again say, that he dare not withdraw his power from Jaffa, Acre, etc., for the fear of a similar rising in those places; but that he must wait until troops arrive from Alexandria. Now whether we are to undergo a regular siege, and be finally given up to the insults and ravages of a lawless multitude, or whether the approach of disciplined troops shall compel the rebels to return quietly to their houses and leave us once more in peace, is known only to our Heavenly Father. If my dear husband were only with us, or could we hear from him, be assured of his safety, and he of ours—but peace be still. The Almighty has in these trying scenes been better to us than our fears, and infinitely better than our deserts. "Therefore my soul trust thou only in God."

June 11. Several days, my sister, have elapsed since the close of my last letter. Many of them were days of such awful interest that I could neither command opportunity nor composure sufficient to describe the appalling scenes around me. Even after the danger had in some measure subsided, I could not recall the past but with feelings of such horror, that for the sake of my dear babe, whose health is much affected by mine, I have felt it to be duty to keep my mind as calm as possible. In this endeavor I have been mercifully assisted with strength from above. I called upon God in my trouble. He heard my prayer and strengthened me with strength from on high.

But to keep you no longer in suspense. The evening I concluded the inclosed letter was Saturday, May 31; at sunset Mr. Nicolayson ascended the terrace to ascertain the state of matters, and returned with the assurance that the walls were manned as usual, the gates closed, and the soldiers at their posts. We retired to rest; and as the weather had become cool, we hoped to enjoy a good night's rest; but about midnight I was awakened by a loud discharge of fire-arms; and the balls whistled around us in such a manner that I was sure the engagement was within the walls.

I hastily awoke Mr. Nicolayson; we all dressed as soon as possible, taking care not to awake the children. The narrow street that passed our front door led directly to houses occupied by soldiers. Mr. Nicolayson went there to listen, and found the soldiers removing their effects into the castle with the utmost expedition. That which we had anticipated and feared, was now too certain; that the city was betrayed, and we were at the mercy of a

lawless and ferocious multitude. The gates of the castle closed—morning dawned—the morning sacred to Him who came to bring peace and good will to man—the day also (June 1st) on which you with many of your beloved friends were to commemorate the love of our Redeemer. Under what different circumstances was your sister to spend its hours. After the retiring of the soldiers we were not left long in suspense. The awful silence was broken by the shouts of the Fellahs, the firing of musketry, etc., while from the streets were heard the breaking open of doors, and the running of men to and fro. To add to our distress, our servant who had been on the terrace, rushed into the room pale with terror, exclaiming that the Fellahs were murdering the people and plundering the city. Can you imagine, my dear sister, our feelings at that awful moment. What earthly possession or connection could now avail? Whether could we fly for refuge, but to Him who said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will answer thee." We did call upon him; and sought him not in vain. Mr. Nicolayson read the scriptures, and oh how rich and appropriate appeared every line, especially our Lord's last conversation and prayer recorded in John, and many of the Psalms composed ages ago in this very vicinity, and under similar circumstances. Indeed so applicable were they to our situation, that they seemed written expressly to quiet our fears and strengthen our confidence in God. If our hearts did not deceive us, we did not so much dread death. Oh no, I longed to leave a world of so much wickedness, cruelty, and sorrow, and enter one where all is love and purity and peace. I endeavored to look to the Redeemer, trusted through his righteousness to be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light and glory. But nature—weak, terrified nature, shrunk from the possibility of personal violation, and the terrors of a violent death. My infant too—my heart sickened when I looked at him. His smiles and caresses went to my very soul, and I was obliged to resign him to the care of others.

[To be continued.]

## A SLAVE TRADER.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Christian Journal, under date of Jan. 7, 1835, in describing his fellow passengers, while on board of a steamboat on the Mississippi river, writes thus respecting a slave dealer on board, who had on board with him a company of slaves on their way to a more southern plantation.—*Chris. Watch.*

"And there is yet another passenger—one who deals in human flesh! Our deck is darkened with a company in chains, whose only crime, so far as I know, consists in the color of their skin. I have visited them again and again, for a double purpose, both to gain and impart instruction.

In the group was one of manly form, His full expressive eye spoke intelligently Of brighter, better days. He looked upon his chains—upon Those in bondage with him—then Upon the stranger, and the tear stole Silently, down his sable cheek. Boy, said the stranger, are you sick? No, massa, not sick. Does that iron Hurt your flesh? No, not at all. Hungry, then? or cold? No—why Then, that tear? Is it the fear Of harder fare from masters more severe? O! no. Six weeks ago, I had a home—A wife—and little ones; but—Where are your children now? In Baltimore—I went upon an errand—Was seized, ironed, and carried off. How did you cross the mountains? On foot; but that is nothing. Labor and hardships I can bear, But my poor heart breaks when I think—Ah! boy! you must think Of God, of Jesus Christ, of heaven; Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. There is freedom, boy, and there—Yes, massa, and blessed be the Lord, That is all my comfort! And When I lay me down on the hard floor, I think of Him who had not where to lay his head. I think of what he suffered, and Complain no more. But then You know a father feels.

"I could hear no more. I retired to the cabin, musing on the words of the poet. 'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart.' The slave, above described, was a class leader and exhorter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore. He was decoyed away, under the pretence of being sent on an errand. And now, in company with his fellows, he toots away to a southern plantation and a southern grave. In addition to his beloved class, he has left behind a wife and four children: the youngest of whom is six months old. Are not the tender mercies of the wicked cruel?"

## STORY OF THE TWO DONKEYS.

A Fable.

Precious metals and minerals owe much of their value to their scarcity. If every pebble were a diamond, and every rock was a platinum or pearl, who would care for pearls and diamonds? It is a little so with real friendship.—It is so exceedingly scarce, that hardly any thing can be more valuable.

Two friends met, one day, after a long separation. "Well," said one of them, "this absence from each other has been long and painful, but may it not be well, in the end, for both of us? We were both inclined to commend each other's good fortune or qualities, whenever we met, in some shape or other; but we were apt to neglect faults. Our separation, and much reflection, may have taught us a good lesson in this respect. Let us spend the present interview, and every future one which our Father in heaven sees fit to give us, in reminding each other of our errors. Is not this the true office of a friend? And can we grow wiser and better by our friendship in any other way?"

It was at once concluded that they had all their lives long been in a wrong habit; and by constantly praising and flattering each other, had derived very little advantage from their supposed friendship. They agreed to read,

together, the following fable, and try to learn wisdom from it.

## THE TWO DONKEYS.

Two donkeys, each loaded with panniers, went slowly to market. To divert themselves by the way, they entered into conversation.

Jack Fabbish says to his companion Grizzle; "Brother, do you not discover that men are great fools, and unjust? They despise our respectable name, and treat a donkey as an ignorant and stupid animal. They are very wise truly in pretending to excel us. Stupid race! Their best orators are but brawlers in comparison with your voice and eloquence. Do you hear?"

"I hear very well," answered Mr. Grizzle, pricking up his ears; "I think I can render you the same justice, and pay you the same compliment. It is you who have a fine and melodious voice; the warbling of the nightingale is nothing in comparison with it." Thus the two stupid creatures went on, praising and complimenting themselves on the excellence and superiority of their talents.

Good—very good—especially for anniversaries orators, and editors of religious papers; to say nothing of the gossiping palaver with which city (and sometimes country) preachers are cursed.

## Etna Insurance Company.

Incorporated for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of \$200,000, secured and vested in the best possible manner.

OFFER to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires.

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| Christian Examiner,  | Select Journal,                |
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LOOK AT THIS! VALUABLE Improvement on INDIA RUBBER SHOES, lined, bound, and soles on the outside, which makes them durable, and perfectly water-proof. This article surpasses any thing of the kind ever made. They are for sale at the old stand of Sylvester Wiley, 2 doors south of the Free Church, Main street, and at no other place in the city. If India Rubber Shoes repaired in the best and neatest manner, at short notice.

WANTED, One Thousand pairs old India Rubbers in exchange, for which a fair price will be paid. F. WILEY, Agent. Hartford, January 17, 1835. 6w1

## PAINTING, GLAZING, &amp; PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the above business, 3 doors east of the Protection Insurance Office, in State street. He solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes to obtain it by the execution of good work.

DAVID BROCKWAY. Hartford, Jan. 10, 1835. 52

## PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY

Having been duly organized, are now ready to receive proposals for FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE, at their office in State street a few doors west of Front street.

THIS Institution was incorporated by the Legislature of this State, for the purpose of effecting FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE. Its capital is ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, with liberty to increase the same to Half a Million. The first named sum is all paid in or secured, and the whole amount (\$150,000) is vested in Bank Funds, Mortgages, and approved endorsed notes; all which, on the shortest notice, could be converted into cash, and appropriated to the payment of losses. The Directors pledge themselves to issue policies on as favorable terms as any other Office in the United States, and by fairness and liberality in conducting the business of the Company, they expect to gain the confidence of the public. The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company:—

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